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interesting spot where you can see the remains of a very primitive village that existed hundreds of years ago, where the people scooped out depressions in the ground and covered them with tent-like shelters. Mansfield itself is a picturesque relic of the past—a sleepy-looking collection of cabins on the hillsides with the old cemetery on the outskirts. The central point of interest is a straggling wooden bridge spanning the slim and sinuous Mansfield river at a point favorable for fishing. I've seen Indian boys stand on this bridge, cast an unbaited hook into the stream and pull in one large northern pike after another."

"You've mentioned memorable experiences," said Mr. Crumpet. "What is the most memorable trail experience you've had?"

"I think of the time I baptized Frank Luke's baby at George Lake. There was an independent family! At that time they lived all by themselves in a couple of tents in the deep woods, the father, mother, and five children. They were five miles from the Highway and about 30 miles from the nearest Indian settlement. Their only contact with civilization was Halfway House, a lodge on the Highway. Through the proprietor of the lodge Frank sent me a message that he wanted his baby baptized, and we arranged a date. It was midwinter. The date was January 3, 1950. On reaching the lodge after a drive of some 65 miles on the icy highway, I found that Frank had planned for me to come over to his place and spend the night. That would have been O.K. had I known his intention beforehand, but unfortunately I had taken along several other people from Tanacross who wanted to visit various friends along the road and I had to get them back home that night. I had counted on the Luke family being at the lodge. Instead I found myself faced with a ten mile trip on snowshoes, five in and five back out. This in turn wouldn't have been so bad except for the fact that a blizzard had suddenly begun to threaten. Feeling

Tanacross Trail Thirty Years Ago
Archdeacon Fred B. Drane and Layreader David Paul Hiking
100 Miles With Pack Dogs From Big Delta to Tanacross

very much like an old pioneer I donned a pair of snowshoes (for the first time in my life) and hit the George Lake Trail with Frank. Frank had a few dogs hitched to a sled, but they were in poor condition and the trail was bad, so snowshoes were in order. After slogging the five miles into the woods I was as glad to see Frank's family as they were to see me. They were disappointed, however, that I could not stay for the night. We had a good service in the humble setting of the tent, including the baptism of the new baby and the singing of several hymns. Then after some hot tea and fish I said good-bye and started back for the lodge. By that time the wind was starting to blow stiffly and darkness was falling fast. Part of the trail lay over a frozen river. I noticed that on the open ice the trail was marked by means of poles set up every few hundred yards. These pole markers are quite essential I discovered for finding one's way at night or during a storm. And a blizzard was developing. I could barely see from one pole to the next. By the time I reached the lodge there was a virtual curtain of flying snow across the road. I gathered my passengers and started out on the most tortuous 65 miles I've ever driven. The winds were up to 60 miles per hour, and the roads were invisible a great part of the time. It took us hours, but we finally made it home."

"You mentioned dogs," said Mr. Crumpet. "Does every Indian family have a dog team?"

"Just about. In the winter time when the temperature is right and the trail is neither too bare nor too soft and the dogs are not already tired from a previous trip, dog-sled travel is the most efficient means there is in that part of the country. A seven-dog team is the norm. It is important to have a good lead dog to provide inspiration and leadership for the others. As you know, the dog used by the Tanacross Indians and most other Indians in that area is a rather small-sized fellow colored anything from black and white to tan and brown, but they are exceedingly rugged and can get along on very little food. They call them "siwash" dogs. On the Midway Trail one day the temperature was around zero and I was starting to feel a bit chilly as one riding inside a sled invariably does after the first half hour. I was also feeling sorry for the poor dogs when Jimmy, the driver, suddenly began to apologize for the slowness of our travel. 'Too hot," he explained. 'Dogs can't run good when too hot. Ten-twenty below you see them run good!' "

"What's the longest trail you've ridden on?" asked Mr. Crumpet.

"The Midway Trail is the longest trail I've ridden in a dog-sled. It's about 12 miles from Andrew's cabin on the edge of Midway Lake (just off the Highway) to the village of Tetlin. This is strictly a winter route. In summer, oddly enough, Tetlin is much harder to reach than in winter. Traveling up the Tanana and Tetlin rivers on a boat in summer makes a journey at least three times as long. The Midway dog-trail is virtually a straight line cutting across all obstacles. It crosses and utilizes innumerable lakes and streams. Consequently it always dies in the spring thaw and revives in the autumn freeze. Aside from flying it's the only practical way into Tetlin in the winter time."

"Tetlin is where the people built the new St. Andrew's Chapel, isn't it?"

"That's right. And just last fall they put the finishing touches on the "rectorette," the little log cabin next to the chapel, where the visiting missionary stays. As a matter of fact my first ride on the Midway Trail in the fall of '51 is connected with a historical occasion. On October 30, 1951, I first rode the Midway Trail. And that very night I slept in the newly completed rectorette, the first time the little cabin had been slept in. Previously

the missionary visiting Tetlin had to depend on other people's bounty for shelter. Now at last he could be independent."

"What was that first ride like?"

"Jimmy Henry, our layreader, drove the sled. We'd spent the night in Andrew David's cabin at Midway and we left it at 8 a.m. The day was sunny. The temperature was around zero. The trail was poor as there hadn't been much snow. The seven dogs, named Toby, Northway, Rat, Spot, Pete, Fox and Ticka, had only begun to limber up after their long summer of loafing. So our time wasn't very good. We reached Tetlin in two hours and 20 minutes. Under better conditions it can be done under two hours. Even so, it seemed to me we were going quite fast. The trail led over Midway Lake, then through some open country, where I had the impression we were sliding along on bare grass with only a thin coat of frost. Then we began to cross a lot of tiny lakes, each of which had a name like "Little Lake," "Long Lake," "Berry Lake," "Deep Lake," and so forth—Jimmy named them off for me. In some of these you could see whole colonies of muskrat dwelling. They show up as little mounds sticking above the ice and they are so evenly spaced that they resemble an aerial view of quonset huts in a housing development. Jimmy explained that if we failed to get a heavy snow soon the rats would be in danger of freezing. A blanket of snow is necessary to keep their homes warm. Then we reached woodsy country, and there is nothing quite so pleasant as whisking up and down hill and around curves with the trees making a frosty canopy over your head. There is only the minor hazard of getting a low branch swished in your face. A few times I had to get out of the sled while we negotiated a steep river bank. Later on when heavy snows had filled in the hollows this would be unnecessary and river banks would

become simply smooth, extra-interesting dips in the road."

"What about the cold feet you mentioned? Did it bother you?"

"Yes, that is one of the disadvantages of riding in a dog-sled. No matter how you bundle them up sooner or later your feet are going to get cold. The man who drives the sled, of course, stands in back on the runners. He can jump off and run whenever he finds it expedient. Sometimes the passenger inside the sled finds it expedient to jump off and run too until his feet regain circulation."

"Tell me," said Mr. Crumpet with some hesitation, "did you ever get to drive a dog-team yourself?"

"Yes, I am happy to say that I have done so. Although the circumstances of my first venture were somewhat unusual. It was a special Christmas Eve Communion service for old Titus Isaac over at Mansfield. I drove over there in a sled with two girls, Isabelle and Helen, I seated inside, they tak-

ing a runner each. After a while, however, they stopped the sled and politely told me that now it was my turn to drive. So they seated themselves in the sled and I somewhat gingerly assumed the driver's stance in back. I felt like someone unexpectedly called upon to 'speak a few words' at a formal gathering. However, the few words I actually used on this occasion served quite well. They were 'Mush' and 'whoa.' I soon learned that with a load of three people in the sled even a seven-dog team is quite manageable. They are always quite willing to stop. I learned at that time that whereas the seated passenger is subject to cold feet the standing driver is subject to a cold face. So the girls and I took turn and turn about for the remainder of the journey. Coming back I decided to walk for the exercise and started out ahead of them. After a while they caught up with me and insisted on giving me a lift. But by that time the dogs were too tired to haul three people, so the girls made an odd request. They wanted me to drive the empty sled while they ran behind. Then I was to stop and let them catch up, they would take the sled, drive ahead a way and wait for me to catch up. In that way the dogs wouldn't be too tired and everyone would have a chance to keep his feet warmed up by a certain amount of walking. In case I haven't made it clear, these Indian girls have extraordinary endurance—despite their willingness to have picnics halfway along the trail in the summertime."

"Suburban Glens!" called the conductor. "This is our station," said Mr. Crumpet, knocking out his pipe.

As they descended to the platform Mr. Crumpet beckoned to a taxi driver. "Pardner," he said, "we're hitting the trail for All Hallows' Episcopal Church."

March 29, 1953 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the first Christian service to be held in Fairbanks. The Rev. Charles E. Rice (later Dean of Holy Trinity Cathedral in Juneau) journeyed by dogteam from Circle City on the Yukon more than one hundred and fifty miles to bring the ministrations of the Church to this new gold camp. On Sunday, March 29, 1903, in the largest saloon in the camp, Mr. Rice held a service, and thus laid the foundations for the work that is St. Matthew's Parish today. Later Bishop Rowe and Archdeacon Stuck visited the town and shortly thereafter a priest, The Rev. Mr. Huhn, was assigned to duty in Fairbanks, St. Matthew's Church was built, followed by St. Matthew's Hospital, and a few years later the George C. Thomas Memorial Library was erected by the Church and operated by St. Matthew's Guild until early in 1941. So for fifty years the Episcopal Church has made its impact on what is now a bustling city, teeming with defense activity, and we look with confidence to ministering for another half century to the spiritual needs of those committed to our care by Almighty God here.

The clergy of the Church in Alaska will gather in Ketchikan on April 9th for our third All-Alaska Clergy Conference. The conference will be led by the Rev. C. Alfred Cole, Rector of St. John's Church, Charleston, West Virginia, and we all look forward to it with real anticipation. For many of our men the conference affords a rare opportunity of talking over mutual problems and opportunities with fellow workers.

The Rev. and Mrs. John Martin have recently returned to the States from a honeymoon trip to Europe. It is expected that the Martins will return to Alaska late in February and to St. James' Mission, Tanana, where Mr. Martin has been stationed since 1949.

Sourdhugh Meets Gaucho

By The Rev. Roy E. Sommers

What is the Brazilian word for "igloo"? The answer is that there is no Brazilian word for "igloo." An English-Portuguese dictionary defines the English word "igloo" as Eskimo house." A cautious parenthesis adds: "in some cases made of snow." The entry continues: "Also written 'igloe,' 'iglou,' 'iglu.'" None of these forms or anything similar is included as a Portuguese word in official Brazilian dictionaries. The Brazilians simply have no use for a word denoting houses "in some cases made of snow."

In South Rio Grande, the southernmost state of Brazil and therefore, according to the eccentric reckoning of the southern hemisphere, the chilliest, snow is known to the inhabitants only by hearsay. In July or August, the dead of the "down-under" winter, hardened gauchos shiver as the mercury plummets to what is pessimistically known as "zero." This "zero," however, is a quaint, old-world term for the freezing point of water, centigrade that is. In robust Fahrenheit terms, the temperature here has hardly ever been known to drop below a balmy plus 28. When it does it's a bitter day for the thinly clad Gaucho, to whom central heating is almost as bizarre a concept as houses which are "in some cases made of snow." In South Rio Grande the term "gaucho pronounced ("gah-OO-shoh") corresponds somewhat to the Alaskan term "sourdough." Technically it means "cowboy," but it applies to the spurred and the non-spurred alike in South Rio Grande, including men, women and children. In like manner the folk in Rio de Janeiro are known as "cariocas" and those around Sao Paulo as "paulistas." Unlike the houses of Eskimos, the houses of gauchos are invariably made of brick and plaster, and with little variation the roofs are of red tile.

These are a few of the interesting facts an Alaskan sourdough picks up after his first few months in the "happy port," Porto Alegre, capital of South Rio Grande. It is just around Christmas time, however, that the transplanted Alaskan finds himself the least happy with his new surroundings. For one who has enjoyed his three past Christmases amid the crackling woods and waters of Alaska's cold, dry interior, not even a gardenful of exotic blooms (including everything from daisies to orchids), nor the surrounding foliage of palms, bananas, lemons, papayas, pineapples, coffee, and kapocs, (to name a few trees found on church property here) can dispel the plain, un-Christmasy fact of heat and humidity. It is a "white" Christmas only in the sense that many sensible people wear light garments of that color when they go to church. Despite the sub-tropical setting the Christmas spirit does prevail here in full force. Churches are full. Carols are sung. Pageants are presented. Gifts are exchanged. Christmas trees are erected. And for weeks in advance stores and post offices are jammed. Bravest of all spirits is Santa Claus or "Papa Noel," who makes several public appearances during the Yule season, clad in his traditional furs. Santa travels exclusively by plane in this country, which has become quite as air-minded as Alaska.

The Alaskan sourdough who has traveled in large and small planes, in motor vehicles on the highways, in boats fast and slow on winding rivers, and in dog sleds over snow and ice, has yet another experience or two awaiting him when he reaches South Rio Grande. On October 26, 1952, I joined a student of our Brazilian

Alaskan Dog Team

Episcopal Seminary in Porto Alegre on his regular Sunday visitation to Calvary Church, Santa Rita do Rio dos Sinos, a parish of 300 souls some 15 miles outside the city. The trip required three different modes of transportation. In order to make connections we left the seminary at 5:30 a.m. We took a bonde (pronounced BONE-day) from Teresopolis, where the seminary is located to the downtown area four miles away. A bonde is a Brazilian streetcar. Legend has it that the Brazilian bondes came originally from Philadelphia. They are so named because of the bonds that were floated to finance them. The bondes themselves do not actually float, but for 50 centavos (about a cent and a half) they will roll, pitch, and toss for you in a manner strangely reminiscent of their long ocean voyage. There are busses and taxis to be had, but no institution in Brazil is quite so venerable as the bonde.

Downtown, between the Bonde and the train, Eloi and I had a couple of cafezinhas in a coffee shop. The cafezinha is a Brazilian institution which would be viewed askance by any old-time Alaskan sourdough. It consists of a demitasse of thick, black coffee heavily sweetened. The only socially acceptable substitute for a cafezinha is a cafe com leite, which means a large cup of hot milk faintly flavored with coffee. For some unfathomable reason the Brazilian palate has never favored the happy medium between these two extremes. In Brazil, however, the cafezinha or cafe com leite serves the identical business and social purposes as does the plain hot cup of coffee in Alaska, and in this respect Brazilians and Alaskans find a common bond in the coffee bean. In Alaska or Brazil a business deal is hardly businesslike or a social gathering hardly sociable without the presence of the steaming cup.

After our cafezinhas, Eloi and I proceeded to the train, which took us

several miles outside the city limits and left us at a lonely whistlestop. On all sides spread gently rolling plantation country. The roads were of rich red mud, softened by recent heavy rains. At this point Eloi confided that we might be in for a seven-mile hike, as the roads might have proved too sticky for the vehicle which usually came out to meet him. Fortunately this was not the case. We soon spotted a one-horse cart driven by a lad of 14. This horse and vehicle, Eloi assured me, were owned by the parish. The driver was a son of the household where we would indulge later on in the day in a solid rural repast at a hugely laden table set for 20 or more.

The reception reminded me somewhat of the welcomes at St. Mark's, Nenana, where the visitor is picked up at the airfield by a tractor and cart driven by a stalwart young Indian, the tractor being owned by the mission. Whereas the Nenana tractor can haul quite a load, however, the cart at Santa Rita barely seats three. The progress of our good steed uphill and down through seven miles of mud reminded me of a dogsled on a poor trail. As in the case of the sled ride, the road was poor and the progress slow, but there was plenty of scenery to admire along the way. Red earth for white snow; pineapple for pine; wild orchids for brush; horses, cattle, goats and chickens in places of moose, caribou, beaver, and ptarmigan—yet in either case the scenery contributes to a basic feeling of tranquility and well-being. The people of both Alaska and Brazil are comparatively free from nervous anxiety about the morrow. In Alaska one hunts, in Brazil one farms. In either case the Lord provides and the people are quick to appreciate.

Santa Rita do Rio dos Sinos is a tiny crossroads, but it has the distinction of being the birthplace of the Episcopal Church in Brazil. The farming folk who make up Calvary parish are proud of the fact that they have been an organized part of the Episcopal Church since 1890, the oldest parish in the country. Calvary Church is a quaint old brick building almost identical in structure with the Roman Catholic Church across the road but in better repair. There are practically no other public buildings in the vicinity.

As I watched the people arriving in family groups in horse-drawn vehicles of various sizes, the sight of so many horses and carts without a single automobile in sight and the church-bound passengers in their slightly old-fashioned clothing, I felt somehow the illusion of being transported about fifty years back. The scene I was witnessing that morning couldn't have been much different from what took place in the parish's earliest days: Horses, wagons, clothing, red mud, orange groves, and warm wet weather—not much could have changed in those years. Santa Rita will probably never change from the plantation center nature seems to have intended it to be, yet I feel that the Church has changed the lives of people here and that this first parish of Brazil will continue to be a reserve of strength in missionary efforts yet to come.

After the main service, speaking to a group with Eloi interpreting I had the great pleasure of introducing Brazilians to Alaska. I tried to give them an idea of the kind of country I'd recently left, a land which in the unseasonable months of December, January, and February, blossoms out ridiculously, not in orchids and oranges, but in snowflakes and icicles, all in the unheard-of depths of sub-Fahrenheit-zero cold; a land where farms are few and where many people make their living by hunting strange wild animals and turning their skins into clothing. I spoke particularly of the life of our Alaskan Indians. I found that Brazilians are impressed by the fact that many of our Indian people, though by no means wealthy, are able to own their own autos. In Brazil au-

tomobile prices are prohibitive even for the moderately well-to-do. What thrills our Brazilians most, however, is to hear of the important part the Episcopal Church has had in the development of that great northern territory and the high esteem in which it is held by so many Alaskans. That our bishop holds the unique title of "the Bishop of Alaska" is a particularly charming thought to the Brazilian. In Brazil to be an Episcopalian is to be a member of tiny minority. Brazilian Episcopalians like to know that there are other places in the world where such is not the case.

Despite the great and obvious differences between Alaska and Brazil they have much in common. They are both big places. They are both relatively undeveloped. The people of both feel they are living in a land of great promise. In the southwest where the population is expanding rapidly the Brazilian Episcopal Church is rising most inspiringly to the occasion under young and energetic leadership. The pioneer spirit of the Church in Alaska is finding its counterpart in Brazil.

1931-1952 . . .

(Cont. from page 1)

ing the birth of Our Lord. However, we do not believe there were many lovelier ones anywhere than this simple log chapel, snow covered and half hidden by towering spruce, and outlined inside with loving simplicity by nature's own gifts. One received the impression of an altar erected to Almighty God out of doors in the wilderness, with little present reminding us of man and his own imperfections.

Bishop Gordon flew on down the Koyukuk over a hundred miles to Huslia where he was welcomed by more than a hundred of our Indian people who had had no service of the Church in more than six months. That night they gathered in the new school building built by the people of Huslia. They were helped by the

women of the Church through the United Thank Offering and by generous gifts of the Woman's Auxiliary in Alaska. Here in the darkness and the bitter cold of an arctic night men and women and boys and girls worshipped too in honor of the birth of their Lord.

The next day the plane headed up the Koyukuk for a brief stop and visit at Allakaket and to pick up Mr. Charlton. Then amid a cloud of flying snow from the wash of the propeller the craft rose in the air, dipped her wings in parting salute to friends looking upward from the ground, and headed homeward to rest that night once again in Fairbanks.

The trip took in all about thirty hours in contrast to the more than a month that the same trip required twenty years ago. It is true that the dog team traveler paid a longer visit to Allakaket, but nevertheless the coming of the airplane has made vast changes in our ministry in Alaska; remote areas once almost completely inaccessible except on rare occasions, now are made available so that our ministry of the Gospel of Christ can be preached ever more vitally to God's own people here.

How Alaska Was Discovered

(Reprinted from the August, 1942, Alaskan Churchman)

Alaska is the only part of the new world that was discovered by white men who sailed from the west towards the east, rather than from the east towards the west. These men were Russians. Their arrival in America marked the culmination of a century and a half of exploration and expansion towards the east on the part of the Muscovites.

The 16th century witnessed many notable geographical discoveries and the colonization of many strange lands by European powers. Prevented from moving towards the west in an effort to expand her borders, Russia turned her face towards the east, and began her long trek across the wide Siberian plains towards the Pacific. She was in search of trade, but she was in search, too, of new lands to claim and conquer.

In her eastward expansion Russia came into contact with the dread Cossacks. The Cossacks, realizing that they were not dealing with a nomadic tribe that could be plundered and destroyed, but a mighty nation launched upon conquest, resorted to the realistic policy that 'if you can't whup 'um, jine 'um." Their chief sent gifts to the Czar with the request that he and his men be taken into the Russian army. Peter, the Great, who was something of a realist himself, accepted the presents of the tribesmen and made their chief the commander of all the forces in that region.

The tide of exploration and trade swept eastward and onward across the seemingly limitless plains. Small forts and trading posts sprang up along the way, so that the most far-flung stations were connected with the great cities of the west by a highway guarded by Cossacks. Eastward over this trail traveled explorers, traders and a few bold settlers. Back came furs and ivory and silver, and many a tall tale of wealth to be had just beyond the farthest outpost.

About the year 1639 Russian traders reached the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk. Soon after they were looking out across the great sea that was to be named for the gallant Bering. They pressed southward into the Kamchatka Peninsula and reached its southernmost tip in 1706.

These men found vast quantities of ivories and rich furs, but of more importance, perhaps, they heard from the natives stories of a land lying to the east beyond the fog-bound sea. They saw flocks of land birds flying towards the east, and from the east they saw other flocks winging their way towards the shore of Asia. From whence had they come? The wreckage of small boats of a strange design washed ashore from time to time. Whale had been taken that bore in their bodies strange spearheads, the weapons of men who lived across the sea. Some said that on a fine day you could see the outline of that land across the broad waters, but no man had ever ventured that far. Their boats were too small for such a voyage.

Meanwhile, Guillaume Delisle, the French geographer, had drawn a map that attracted much attention and provoked much interest. This map showed a vast land lying in the Pacific Ocean between Asia and America. It was said to be a land of enormous wealth. Several European governments had sent ships and men to discover and lay claim to it. England and France sent out such expeditions. Peter the Great planned an expedition, but died before his plans could be completed. However, the scheme went forward under his successor.

Vitus Bering was chosen to be the leader of the party. Bering was a

St. Michael's Russian Orthodox Cathedral, Sitka, Built 1816

Dane by birth, but had seen considerable service in the Russian Navy, where he had been decorated for his heroic conduct under fire, and for his skill as a navigator.

The little band set out from Moscow in 1725. It made its way slowly and laboriously across the bleak plains of Siberia and after many hazardous experiences reached the sea of Okhotsk. There two small ships were built and on July 20, 1728, they set sail on a voyage of exploration. They made no new discoveries and were forced by the approaching winter to return to port. Bering, who had been sent out to find the mythical land in the Pacific, reported that "though there is such a country on the map, there is none in the sea."

Again, in 1729, he sailed on a second voyage, but with no happier results. However, undaunted by failure,

he continued to make his explorations.

Meanwhile, other expeditions were being sent out. One of these was commanded by Tedorof, but he was taken ill and died and the command fell upon Michael Kvozdef, an able surveyor and navigator. Kvozdef had sailed on previous expeditions and knew the coast of Asia well. On this voyage, in 1729, the vessel touched the Diomede Islands, and a few days later the crew sighted the mainland of Alaska, the first Europeans to reach the New World by sailing from the west towards the east. Kvozdef is generally accepted as being the discoverer of Alaska.

In 1741 Bering set out upon another, and his last, expedition. This time he sailed from a port of Kamchatka. He had named the place Petropaulovsk for his two small ships the St. Peter and the St. Paul. Bering sailed in the St. Peter, while the St. Paul was under the command of his lieutenant, Alexis Chirikof. The little vessels soon became enveloped in the dense fogs that hang over the North Pacific and were separated, never to sight each other again.

Bering, in the St. Peter, was discouraged by fogs and fierce gales that prevented him from making accurate observations and establishing his exact position. However, bold sailor that he was, he sailed on. When he had about given up hope and was ready to turn back, the fog lifted and Vitus Bering saw that which he had been seeking for fifteen years—the mainland of North America. Before him stretched a magnificent natural rampart of snowcapped mountains. One giant peak lifted its towering head far above the clouds. It was the Feast of St. Elias, the 16th of July, according to the Russian calendar, so Bering named the great mountain Mt. St. Elias. It is one of the grandest of all our wonderful Alaskan peaks, rising 18,000 feet above the sea.

On the 20th of July, while the St. Peter lay off Kayak Island, a party went ashore and returned with the news that they had found crude implements and other signs of habitation, but that they had seen no men.

Now they sailed towards the West, determined to return to Kamchatka. They passed between Kodiak Island and the mainland by what we now call Shelikoff Strait. Here ill fortune began to overtake them. A crew member died and they buried him at sea near some islands which they named, in his honor, the Shumagin Group. Their provisions began to run low. The fresh water was all but gone. Many crew members became ill. Bering was stricken. The little vessel was tossed by fierce gales. The crew was unable, because of its weakened condition, to properly work the ship. On November 4th the ill-fated vessel was driven ashore on an uninhabited island. She soon went to pieces, a total loss. Such members of the crew as survived the shipwreck gathered bits of planking and wreckage and with this built a rude shelter against the gales and bitter cold. They found a dead whale. This helped the food supply. On December 8th Bering died and was buried on the island that bears his name. The little company was lost in gloom and despair.

With the coming of spring, they were able to build a small open boat with the planking they had salvaged from the wreck of the St. Peter. In this tiny craft the few survivors set out for Petropaulovsk. Happily, after a voyage of ten days, they reached their destination.

Chirikof, in the St. Paul, was but little more fortunate than his captain. When he found his ship separated from the St. Peter, he sailed on and touched the Alaskan coast near the Shumagin Group on July 15th, the day before Bering sighted Mt. St. Elias, two hundred miles farther to the east.

On the 18th, the fresh water being very low, Chirikof sent his first officer and ten men ashore in a small boat to secure a supply. When, at the

end of six days this party did not return to the ship, he sent his boatswain with a party of armed men in the only remaining boat to search for them. This boat too, failed to return to the ship, but on the second day two large war canoes filled with natives put out from the shore. They made no attack, but without small boats, Chirikof was helpless to effect the rescue of his men and was forced to sail away, leaving the luckless parties to their fate.

The St. Paul skirted along the southern shores of the Aleutians on her homeward voyage. Without small boats, it was difficult, if not impossible, to make a landing to secure fresh water. Scurvy broke out among the crew and twenty men died at sea. On the 12th of October the St. Paul reached Petropaulovsk.

The following spring, in 1742, Chirikof, who seems to have been made of stern stuff, set out on another voyage of exploration. This time he discovered the island of Attu, the westernmost member of the Aleutian Archipelago.

These explorations continued. Bold traders moved in small open boats from island to island. More and more of the great unknown became known. In 1826 Otto von Kotzebue set out in search of the northwest passage. He sailed across Bering Sea, passed through Bering Strait, and pushed on to the north and east until he reached the sound that bears his name.

Between 1729 and 1826 Russian navigators had discovered Alaska, had determined that Bering Strait separated two great continents, and had traversed the Alaskan coast from Mt. St. Elias to Attu, thence northward beyond the Arctic Circle. There is no way of estimating the sea miles logged on these voyages, but even a cursory glance at the map will show that the area covered was vast and far-flung. The vessels were small and utterly unsuited for the difficult and dangerous work they were called upon to do. This was necessarily so. They were built 5,000 miles from the nearest naval base of the Russian fleet and by men who had walked most of the way from Moscow to Petropaulovsk. They would not have brought much with them in the way of tools and equipment. Nothing but the dauntless, indomitable spirit of their captains and crews enabled them to sail. The men suffered every privation and hardship known to sailormen, but each succeeding spring saw new ships and new expeditions set out. The geographical knowledge thus gained was purchased at a high price, not in rubles, but in the sweat and blood and toil of heroic men, men who sailed and fought the sea and found a sailor's grave without ever having known, or cared, that they were heroes.

Miss Jean Aubrey, mission nurse at Nenana, has made many trips to Fairbanks bringing patients. Recently she made one on her own to have her appendix removed at St. Joseph's Hospital. We are glad to report that she is doing well and is back on the job in Nenana again. We are fortunate to have another nurse at St. Mark's as one of our housemothers, Mrs. Dorothea Jacobs, so Mrs. Jacobs took over the nursing during Miss Aubrey's absence, including the delivery of one baby in the village that chose this particular time to arrive.

After a very mild winter Alaskan winter temperatures returned to normal during the month of January with very sub-zero temperatures being reported at all interior missions. Fort Yukon, as usual, reported the lowest figure, the mercury dropping to minus sixty-six degrees there during the middle of the month. Now that it has warmed up to about twenty below we are all feeling much more comfortable!

New Appointees

Robert B. Greene

The Rev. Robert B. Greene, Priest-in-Charge of St. Stephen's Church, Liberty, Texas, has recently been appointed by the National Council as a member of the Alaskan staff. Mr. Greene expects to come to Alaska shortly after Easter.

Mr. Greene's permanent assignment has not yet been finally settled. He has volunteered to serve for a few months as a sort of supply missioner, filling in in vacant Indian missions now unshepherded, and when our staff for the year to come is finally assembled this summer, Bob will be assigned to permanent duty in one of the Indian missions in the Interior of Alaska. Being a single man he is somewhat flexible, and his willingness to come to Alaska and meet the most pressing needs that we have clearly indicates the type man that he is.

Mr. Greene, a native Texan, graduated from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, in 1946. He entered the Virginia Theological Seminary that Fall and upon his graduation took charge of the work of St. Stephen's Church at Liberty in the Diocese of Texas. An indication of the character of his work there is the fact that St. Stephen's Mission is applying for parochial status in the Diocese of Texas during 1953 as the result of the fine leadership of this young priest. We are indeed grateful to him for his willingness to serve with us in Alaska, and we pray that God will richly bless his ministry here.

Rowland J. Cox

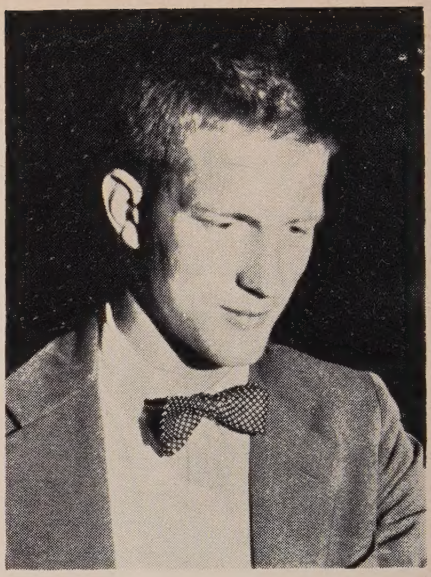
Mr. Rowland J. Cox, a senior at the General Theological Seminary, has just been appointed for missionary service in the District of Alaska. Mr. Cox and his wife, Mary, plan to come to Alaska sometime during the summer to serve St. Thomas' Mission, Point Hope.

Mr. Cox comes to us as a candidate from the Diocese of Vermont. He attended St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and Harvard University before entering the General Seminary. Mrs. Cox is the daughter of Mr. Robert Jordan, head of the Department of Promotion of the National Council of the Episcopal Church.

Needless to say this appointment brings real happiness to the Bishop and staff of the church in Alaska. The work at Pt. Hope is our second largest in this field and probably ranks as number one in the total impact made on human lives who look to the church for help in all aspects of their living. The post is also quite isolated and therefore difficult to fill. The work at St. Thomas' Mission went without a priest for three years before the coming of the Rev. Howard Laycock in the summer of 1951. Mr. Laycock's tragic death in an airplane accident left the mission unshepherd-

ed once more. We have been fortunate this winter to have the services of a devoted young layman, Page Kent, in filling the vacancy at this Arctic mission, but Mr. Kent will be coming out in the summer. Having Rowland and Mary Cox with us is a definite answer to our prayers and we look forward with great eagerness to having them in Alaska with us soon.

We congratulate the Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Watkins of Ketchikan on the arrival of a third son, Thomas Reese, on November 27th.



Rowland J. Cox

The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN went considerably in the hole during 1952. Printing and mailing costs continue to go up, yet we do not feel the answer is an increase in our subscription rate that is more likely to defeat our real purpose of getting news of the missionary work of the Church in Alaska to as many people as possible. We need about one thousand more subscriptions to break even. You can't send us a thousand, maybe, but you can at least take as your responsibility that of getting one new subscription for us. DO IT TODAY!!!

St. Peter's Church, Seward, recently was damaged when winds ranging up to 105 miles per hour struck the community. A good portion of the tower on the church was blown off and the roof was partly damaged also.

Missions and Staff

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	Miss Amelia H. Hill, R.N. Miss Bessie C. Kay
Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Anvik	Christ Church	Miss Almeria Gordon Miss Mary Irwin Gordon, R.N.
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
Douglas	St. Luke's	m. Juneau
Eagle	St. Paul's St. John's	Vacant
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott The Rev. Albert E. Tritt Mr. Ned Thomas
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Dr. Ben H. McConnell, Jr. Miss Barbura Clintsman, R.N. Miss Mary O. Hayes, R.N. Miss Helen Kibbe Mr. Ray T. Leight Mr. R. J. Albert
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. John K. Watkins
	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot Miss Martha I. Webb Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R.N. Mrs. Dorothea S. Jacobs Miss Edith L. Stricker Miss MaryAnn Armistead Mr. Fred Mueller
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt. Hope	St. Thomas'	Mr. Roy Vincent Mr. Page H. Kent
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Skagway	St. Saviour's	m. Juneau
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	John Dixon
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. John S. Martin
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Phillip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

In addition to the missions listed above, and as opportunity offers, members of the staff hold services at the following stations:

Annette Island	Chalkitsik	Rampart	Shageluk
Arctic Village	Hologochaket	Pt. Lay	Stevens Village
Beaver	Hot Springs	Mt. Edgecumbe	Tetlin
Big Delta	Hughes	Noatak	Tok Junction
Bettles	Kotzebue	Nome	Venetie
Circle	Huslia	Palmer	Wrangell Institute
Coschacket	Minto	Northway	

THE SEAL OF THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF ALASKA
1895